Oh sweet Reuenge now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
Tamora. This closing with him fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Doe you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his sonne,
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
Ile finde some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must ply my theame.
Titus. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her sonnes you are,
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell affoord you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright,
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?
Tamora. What wouldst thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
Deme. Show me a murtherer Ile deale with him.
Chiron. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reuengd on him,
Tamora. Show me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And I will be reuenged on them all.
Titus. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findst a man that's like thy selfe,
Good murther stab him, hees a murtherer.

Goe

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a rauisher,
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine,
Tamora. Well hast thou lesson'd vs, this shall we doe.
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a band of warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is heere, euen at thy solemne feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoope and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart:
What saies *Andronicus* to this deuise?

Enter Marcus.

Titus. *Marcus* my brother, tis sad *Titus* calls,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour and the Empresse too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This doe thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will I doe, and soone returne againe.

Tamora

6 *their own*